

Oh! the elms are yellow,

"The apples are mellow,
 The corn is ripe in the ear;
 The birds leave off nesting,
 The earth begins resting,
 Because 'tis the fall of the year."
 The crickets are calling,
 The red leaves are falling.
 In the field the stubble is sere;
 The day of the clover
 And wild bee is over,
 Because 'tis the fall of the year.
 Since summer is fitting,
 Dear friend, it is fitting
 The heart should make double cheer
 So let us go smiling
 With love life beguiling,
 Because 'tis the fall of the year.
 —Mrs. M. F. Butts, in *Boston Transcript*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
 The board of education—The school master's shingle. Driven to desperation with his own hobby horse.
 Can an editor's hat be called the new title?—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.
 "You don't seem to like me when I hold." The ink replied to the angry scribble.
 Always in "order." The five letters which compose that word.—*New York News*.
 A gauge that no man should measure his property by is the mortgage.—*Boston Sentinel*.

When a corner loafer dies in
the newspaper says: "Ane

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